

In Recital

Joseph Chambrinho, tenor

assisted by

Roger Admiral, piano

Friday, March 7, 1997 at 5:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Amarilli (ca. 1602)

Undite, amanti (ca. 1602)

Sfogava con le stelle (ca. 1602)

Guilio Caccini
(1546-1618)

Quand Je Fus Pris au Pavillon (1921)

Si mes vers avaient des Ailes! (1921)

Fêtes Galantes (1921)

Reynaldo Hahn
(1875-1947)

Comfort Ye Every Valley
(From *Messiah*) (1742)

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein, Op. 48, No. 2 (1884)

Zur Rosenzeit, Op. 48, No. 5 (1889)

Ein Traum, Op. 48, No. 6 (1889)

Edvard Hagerup Grieg
(1843-1907)

I will Give my love an apple (1961)

Master Kilby (1961)

The Soldier and the Sailor (1961)

Sailor-Boy (1961)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Trevor Sanders, guitar

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Mr Chambrinho.

Mr Chambrinho is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Undergraduate).

Translations

Amarilli - Amaryllis

Amaryllis, my beloved! Do you not believe, O sweet desire of my heart, that you are fearful, take this arrow of mine, Open my heart, and you will see inscribed therein: Amaryllis is my beloved.

Undite, amanti - Hark, O Lovers

Hark, o lovers, heaven, stars, moon, sun, women and girls, hear my song, and if I have cause for grief, then weep with my sorrowing heart. My fair beloved usually so gentle and affable, Lately for no reason that I know, yet beyond any doubt, avoids turning, her beautiful eyes to me. And while I appear alive and still breath, see how I suffer. Dear lovely stars, So kind and bright, with gentle glances you kept my soul alive though wounded by a thousand arrows. And now, while I no longer gaze at you, behold my sorrow. My soul feels it, and my heart is heavy. And cruel love consents to this. Cupid watches, silently, armed with bow and torch.

Sfogava con le Stelle - Confession to the Stars

A burning love confessed its sorrows to the stars in a nocturnal sky, and said to then: o lovely images of the one I adore shining in splendor you reveal to me her rare beauty. Reveal then to her through your brilliant light my burning passion. With your golden radiance make her compassionate, as you made me ardent.

Quand je fus pris au pavillon - When I was Possessed

When I was possessed by my fair and charming lady, I burned myself at the flame just as does the butterfly. I blushed bright red by the brilliant light, when I was possessed by my fair and charming lady. Were I as swift as a merlin, or had I speedy wings, I would fly away from the one who stung me, when I was possessed.

(Duc Charles d'Orleans)

Si mes vers avaint des Ailes! - If My Verses had Wings

Soft and frail my verses would fly towards your garden that is so fine, if my verses had the wings of a bird. They would fly towards your happy hearth like sparks, if my verses had the wings of my spirit. Pure and faithful, they would hasten to you, night and day, if my verses had the wings of love.

(Victor Hugo)

Fêtes Galantes - Grand Celebration

Serenaders, and those beautiful ladies who listen to them exchange banal assignations beneath the singing branches, There they are: Tireis, Amyntas, Clintander and Damis who have composed tender verses for many a cruel mistress. Their short silken smocks, their elegance, their joy and their soft blue shadows wherlin the ecstasy of pink and grey moon. And the mandoline twangs in the shivering breeze.

(Paul Verlaine)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein - One Day, O Heart of Mine

One day O heart of mine, rest thou shalt find. In life unblest, by passion driven, from life once riven thou shalt find rest. Nor love nor pain are longer thine, rest thou shalt find. Thy fruitless yearning the hopes untended, when life is ended will cease their burning. No more shall sorrow or pain be thine rest thou shalt find.

(E Geibel)

Zur Rosenzeit - The Time of Roses

How you faded lovely roses when my darling went away; every bud in sorrow closes, petals wither and decay. Ah now I recall wiht yearning our first tender warm embrace; now each sign of spring's returning calls to mind your precieuse face. Every petal, every flower humbly at your feet I laid; In that fragrant garden bower homage to my queen I paid.

(J W von Goethe)

Ein Traum - A Dream

One night I had a lovely dream: My arms embraced a maiden fair we walked beside a woodland stream, the scent of spring was in the air. Beside the brook fair flowers grew afar we heard the churchbells chime; our hearts flowered with rapture true, t'was like and endless summertime. But fairer still than any dream awaking joy beyond compare: We truly walked beside a stream when scent of spring was in the air beside the brook fair floweres grew, while over head the birds did soar; my loving arms enfolded you we pledged our love forevermore! Ah woodland with your flowering stream, forever will I cherish you, once you were but a lovely dream, but life has made my dream come true!

(F M Bodenstedt)